

NTOUN ADDRESS

R E V I V E D,

To His Highness the then Prince of, ORANGE, now Monarch of GREAT
BRITAIN, &c.

O L O G U E

Sir, still Faithful to thy Word,
Conquers more by Kindness than by Sword,
Thy brave with Matchless Vigour,
Mogen, make so great a Figure;
Great Britains only Moses,
Mortal Thistle with the Roses,
The Harp in Tune to bring,
Ride of Lillies in the Spring:
Poor us, among the Prefs,
To make this blunt Address,
For as Your Highness knows,
More of Nonsense, els in Prose.

That it may please
Your Highness, to give us an ease,
As more or less,
Shave the Cess;
Pitty cries,
Dear Excise:
When we say it
We are not able to pay it
When we should Sleep,
We should go to Meet,
Get it for to borrow,
Left to stoken Sorrow,
Sir, makes us now
Till we be fow:
Our Forces stand,
Our brave Valiant Land,
Which procure
No ease to the poor,
Courtiers get no share;
Exchequer bare;
We beg at Large,
Parters quite Discharge,
Kings hye Street,
We miss some Cheet,
For as they come by,
Cold or Dry,
Drink, and Burn our Piets,
Farthing in their Brecks,
Lay and press our Horse,
Our Heads, and that is worse;
In Men, and Horses meat,
With Wives and Bairns to greet.
And Your Highness may
Stipends we can Pay;
If Ye wish us well,
We speed reconcile.

Who had great kindness for this Place
You'd move the Duke our Masters Grace,
To put a Knock upon our Steeple,
To shew the Hours to Country People;
For we that live into the Town
Our fight growes short, by Sun go down,
And charge him, Sir, our Street to wend,
And Cawlay it from end to end,
Pay but the Workmen for their pains,
And we shall Joynly Lead the Stons,
In case Your Highness put him to it,
Our Market Customs well may do it
For of himself he is not Rash,
Because he wants the ready Cash;
For if Your Highness for some Reasons,
Should Honour Lintoun with your presence,
Your Milk-white Poltray would turn Brown,
Ere Ye Ride half out through the Town,
And that would put upon our Name,
A blot of everlasting shame,
Who are Reputed honest Fellows,
And stout as ever William Wallace,
Lafly, Great Sir, Discharge us all
To go to Court without a Call,
Discharge Lard Isack and Hog-yards
James Gifford and the Lintoun Lairds,
Old William Younger, and Georgia Purdie
Baxter Douglass, Scrogs and little Swardie
And English Andrew, who has Skill,
To knap at every Word so well,
Let King seat stay for the Town-head,
Till that old Pievish Wife be Dead,
And that they go on no pretence
To put this place to great Expence
For yet shall Contribute their Share,
To any who are going there,
To strive to be the greatest Minion,
Or plead for this or that Opinion;
If we have any thing to Spare,
Poor Widows they should be our Care,
The Fatherless; the Blind, and Lane,
Who starve, yet for to beg think shame
So Farewill, Sir, here is no Treason,
But Wealth of Ryme, and part of Reason:
And for to save some needless coast
We send this our address by post,

EPILOGUE